



# Polaroid



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## Chapter 1 by Francesca

After proposing to my girlfriend of 4 years, we decided it was finally the time to move out of our tiny one bedroom apartment and buy a small house to start a family. We weren't rich, me as an underpaid photographer and Rachael as a waitress, saving money for a slightly larger property took time. In fact saving money was difficult, period. I am quite selfish, being passionate about my job isn't easy, since good camera equipment really burns a hole in my wallet, in our wallet. However, Rachael always understands and that's why I love her.

We were sorting through our belongings, decided what to keep and what to sell before leaving to start a new chapter of our lives. As I was looking at my old camera equipment, I came across my really old Polaroid camera. A small smile crept onto my lips.

My father bought me this when I was 8 for Christmas, I was simply obsessed with the thing. I held the camera up to my eye to pretend to take a photo of my girlfriend who was sat in front of me, hands folding old clothes she was never going to wear again. I knew the camera had no film in it, but I still rose it to my eye.

As my blue eyes focused through the camera, I saw green fields. Confused and shocked, I allowed my camera to drop onto the...grass?

"Dad! Look at the lens!" I heard a squeaky voice shriek. My head snapped into its direction and I saw my father smiling into my camera, which was being held by the 8 year old me.

Why had I traveled back in time?

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